20c per copy
$2.00 " year

MAY, 1949

The Liberalist

PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

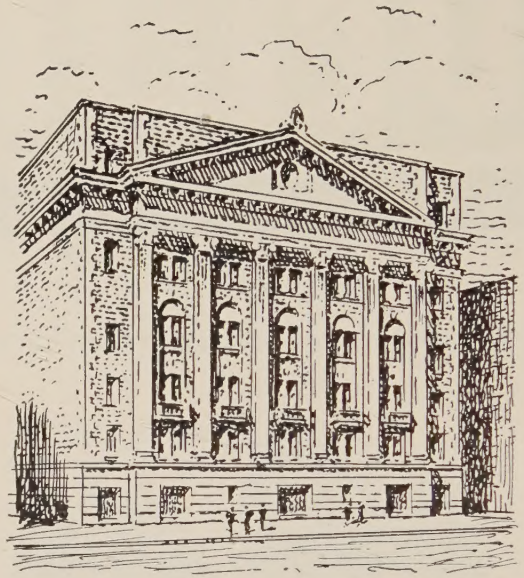
I Meant To Do My Work Today

Richard Le Gallienne

I meant to do my work today
But a brown bird sang in the apple tree,
And a butterfly flitted across the field,
And all the leaves were calling me.

And the wind went sighing over the land,
Tossing the grasses to and fro,
And a rainbow held out its shining hand—
So what could I do but laugh and go?

(From "One Thousand Beautiful Things"—Barrows)



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

The Liberalist
PRESTON BRADLEY, Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY, Associate Editor

Volume XXVI **May, 1949** *Number 2*

"THE CHALLENGE OF JESUS"

SERMON BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY,
Pastor of The Peoples Church of Chicago
Palm Sunday, April 10, 1949

THERE are those who come to preach a Palm Sunday sermon who inevitably follow a certain traditional interpretation of this great event in the life of this young man whose ministry is drawing so rapidly to a conclusion. Only three and a half years allotted to him for an active public ministry and now we have come to the last week in the life of this young dreamer, this idealist, this poet, this universal soul, and we see once more the pageantry as it reveals a human quality in human nature as he returns to that most controversial city of all history, the City of Jerusalem. To take the well established and authenticated facts connected with this day in the pilgrimage of his life toward its fulfillment and destiny would be, I think, mere repetition to most people but to find an interpretation of this day as it can be made applicable to the modern world is quite another challenge. I know that there are those who do not like to think of the contribution of the life of Jesus and the words which he spoke in terms of a challenge. There is about it an incisiveness that we do not directly or frequently associate with the serenity and the beauty of the spirit of this idealist and this great Teacher, but I can never divorce Palm Sunday from the word "challenge."

That historic old city of Jerusalem which through the centuries has experienced more historical change than any other city in the world, the heart of that little religious country of Palestine which is not as large as one of our smaller states, that little bit of a segment of this globe, that it should be the very soul and the very heart of civilization itself will ever be impressive as one of the paradoxes of human history. But there it stands centuries before the birth of the Galilean, centuries after the birth of the Galilean, still the focal point of human history. There is that microscopic spot in the cosmos, and through the centuries, nothing that happened in the coming and going of empires, nothing that has happened in the coming and going of the little pigmies who have marched across the stage of the world's history in this drama of civilization, nothing that has happened through science, nothing that has happened by increasing the areas of human culture,

nothing which has happened anywhere, at any time, with any people, on any occasion, nothing has been able to obliterate out of humanity the significance of what was said there, or eliminate the life that was lived there. What other conclusion is possible for even the most materialistic-minded man? What other conclusion is there left for even one who ignores and attempts to annihilate anything which approximates the mystical or supernatural in the universe? What is there left for even the most rugged, hardened intellectual approach? What is there left for one who would even destroy every vestige of superstition and eliminate every element of fear? What is there left for one completely intellectually and spiritually emancipated from the tyranny of traditions in religion? What is there left for even one who has achieved all this when they stand in the presence of century on century, century on century in which permeating every experience in the life of mankind this personality, who only lived thirty-three years and was brutally murdered years before his time? What is there left to say except that this persistency of Palestine and the background of the ethical emphasis of the centuries which preceded Palestine and which now has been retained and crystallized until out of the lowliness and humility, out of the strength and out of the eternal rectitude of this Galilean there persists, *there persists,* the influence which nothing has been able to destroy and nothing has been able to eradicate.

THERE HE STANDS IN THIS HOUR, a youth, one who never owned anything except a garment that Roman soldiers gambled for after he was dead; without a house, without security, without social prestige, without a dollar, without a family, without any of the factors that have grown up within civilization as so essential and important. . . . There this character stands at the gates of a city on this day, twenty centuries after he stood in the flesh at the gates of another city, a city which had been bombarded by the hordes of Rome as the City of Jerusalem, as a city which had known the influence and the leadership of a David as he sought to build his citadel, a city which had known the power and the pomp and the pagentry of a Solomon who could construct a temple of such physical proportions and based upon such moral and ethical values that when they had finished the walls and turned and looked upon their workmanship, cried: "This shall never be destroyed! I have built here a temple!" That temple crumbled into dust. A city that had known the presence of the Knights of the Crusades, those warriors and defenders of traditional ecclesiastical power whose leader saw in the sky: "By this sign we conquer" and unsheathing their swords had gone into Jerusalem led by the mighty imperative that they were rescuing that city and land from the hordes of Moslem and from the Mohammedans, and still drenched with blood it lived and survived. A city which later was to have one of its walls carved for an opening in which the majestic presence of the Kaiser could ride through in the galaxy and in the exuberance of triumph and of victory, and the walls of this ancient city screamed out again: "Hail to the conquering hero, our hope and our salvation! Long live Kaiser Wilhelm!" And once more Jerusalem resounded and re-echoed to the conqueror.

Then came Allenby of Britain, and as he marched through the gates of the city, those of Palestine and of Jerusalem breathed easier, for he marched with the authorization that they should never be persecuted and never should there be bloodshed again. And so Allen-

by was received by the people of Jerusalem and then, under the developments of modern history and the strange future, forbidding and dark at times but brilliantly lighted at others, the old dream of self determination came and Jerusalem and the people of Palestine said: "We have been betrayed by our so-called liberators, we have been crucified by those who lied and said they would bring freedom" and self determination once more was awakened within the breast of Palestine and within Jerusalem and so once more against the Arabs and against the Crescent, and against every other manifestation of power and greatness Jerusalem cried out again for the restoration of the ancient religion of the Fathers and that Messianic hope which we believe, as Christians, was realized in the personality of Christ, once more became the latent pressure behind the real awakening of Palestine until today every Jewish heart has had a revelation in its spirit and soul based upon centuries after centuries of the dream that there would come a personalization of the highest hope of a free Palestine and a liberated Jerusalem.

So history has unfolded its pages and once more we stand at the beginning of Holy Week and we stand at the gates of Jerusalem. What was the first manifestation of the challenge of this man? He had healed the sick; he had touched the eyes and blindness had dissolved; he had taken broken bodies and vitality and health had swept back into the bone and marrow of broken bodies; he had touched broken hearts and they had been united in the unity of the newly awakened love; he had touched humanity in every extreme and in every detail. He never met a person in his life but what he could put his finger on the sore spot of that person's life. He never met an individual in the three and a half years of the pilgrimage among humanity that he was not able, by his penetrating vision and his analytical understanding of the problems of human nature, to speak words that would create wholesomeness and unity out of the situation. He understood, as no man of his period, or since has understood, the fallacy of believing that a civilization could be made perpetual by an emphasis upon selfishness and greed and national sovereignty and militaristic power. He saw twenty centuries ago, as the blind of the world cannot see now, that the future peace of mankind was not in the restoration of the technique of European diplomacy which has drained Europe for a thousand years, and may another thousand; that the way to the peace of the world is not by a combination of power to restore the balance of power or by treaties or pacts, machinery and equipment. This gentle Galilean with the breadth of the universal and the grasp of the eternal twenty centuries ago had the answer to the problems of the first century, and the twentieth, and the fiftieth, and the thousandth! This man whose hands never carried a sword, this man who came from a background repudiated by the people of his country, for all the rest of Palestine hated the Galileans and would have nothing to do with them, this man who came out of the lowliest birth under a humility that in its strength was so powerful, like true humility possessed a consistency that never can be denied.

What is the reason that with this unimpeachable rectitude of morality and ethics though you may cast aspersions at his birth, and may not fathom the mystery of that birth, yet where is the individual, where is the institution that dare, with any validity, criticize, condemn, or destroy the fundamental morality and the ethics of this Galilean? Let me see him! I care not how

the other influence can distort your minds or warp your imaginations, let me see that individual that can stand up and say "This man's philosophy of life was wrong." Nietzche tried to say it, and where is Nietzche now? Those who have tried to impeach the fundamental rectitude of the moral philosophy of this man have no potency, they have no power.

There he stands at the gates of a city, bringing in this century as he did in that, the greatest challenge to our best that the world will ever see. But what happened? Twenty centuries of Christ and today ecclesiasticism will flourish into pagentry and ceremony. This week the great churches and the great cathedrals will be lighted in a glow of beauty. On Easter morning there will be great manifestations, and Christians of every kind, every creed and every theological interpretation use the week as a great center of attraction about the theology and ecclesiasticism of Christ. He had neither a theology nor knew ecclesiasticism, and the dissipation of energy which has taken place in twenty centuries while we have constructed creeds and dogmas and theories and institutions . . . he stands alone in the midst of it all, aloof, in tears as he stood so long ago, for we read when he came around from the Mount of Olives and beheld the city, he wept, he wept.

What is he doing this morning, this eternal spirit? Of course there are six hundred million people in the world who call themselves Christians. He has a great organization, the greatest organization the world has ever seen, six hundred million Catholics and Protestants in the world. Of course they will sing "Hosanna to the King!" Of course there will be parades and processions and pageantry. Of course there will be voices lifted from the altars and pulpits in adoration and in worship.

They have done it for centuries, but above it all I see on this Palm Sunday morning standing with his soiled robe dusty and dirty, with the calluses and bruises on his feet in dusty muddied sandals where he had walked the highways of the earth; I see the sweat upon his brow that will soon be turned to blood; I can feel the ache in his noble heart at all the misinterpretations of his life, what he was after; I can feel the utter lonliness of his arms that never held to his breast his own, but who were always extended that he might hold the world. I see him across the centuries, not in the pageantry and pomp and splendor. . . . I see him the divine man with love in his heart saying to the world: "My peace I leave with you, not as the world giveth give I unto you." I see him as his ears are filled with the shouts of hosanna. I see his eyes through his tears as he watches the swaying palms. Then I hear him utter with unutterable agony, "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, how I would have gathered thee under my wing as a hen doth gather her brood, but ye would not." What about it now? What about it on Palm Sunday in this century? "O nations, O diplomats, O leaders, O presidents, O scientists, O educators, O atom bomb, I have a better way! Where are my six hundred millions now? There is a better way! I am the way, I am the truth, I am the light!"

Let the world, Catholics and Protestants, stop playing with Christianity, and let them in one voice say *CHRIST AND HIS WAY WILL BE OUR WAY,* and the world, *THE WORLD WILL EXPERIENCE AN INEVITABLE REGENERATION AND THE ANGELIC CHOIR WILL THEN SING "GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST AND ON EARTH PEACE, PEACE, ETERNAL PEACE!"*

THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

941 Lawrence Avenue

Sunday Morning Services . . . 11 o'clock
Broadcast by WJJD

Sunday Evening Services. Have closed for the summer and will reopen the first Sunday in November.

Church School . . . Sundays, 9:30 a.m.
Mr. Robert Crosswhite, Supt.

Wednesday Evening Book Lectures. Closed for the summer. Reopen the first Wednesday in November.

DR. BRADLEY'S SUNDAY MORNING SUBJECTS

May 1—Out-door Sunday— "THE GOD OF THE OUT-OF-DOORS."

May 8—Mother's Day Sunday— "YOUR MOTHER AND MINE."

May 15—Radio Sunday—25th Anniversary "MY EXPERIENCES IN RADIO."

May 22—"LIFE'S EXTRAS."

May 29 — Memorial Sunday — "MUST IT HAPPEN AGAIN?"

June 5—Goethe Sunday—"OUR DEBT TO GOETHE."

June 12—Youth Sunday—BACCALAUREATE ADDRESS.

SIX THOUSAND ATTEND EASTER SERVICES

Easter Day was a very triumphant day in The Peoples Church, despite the far from springlike weather. Cold, snow, rain and blizzard-like "blows" outdoors did not dampen people's Easter spirit, or prevent their attendance at the four great services which were held.

About 6,000 people attended The Peoples Church on Easter Sunday. The church was filled to overflowing at the 11 o'clock service and nearly as large an audience came back in the evening.

In the afternoon, 22 children were christened and 57 new members were publicly welcomed into membership in the church.

The children from the church school attended the 9 o'clock service in a body and the Sunday School choir joined with the Church Choir and the Quartette in singing the first anthem at the 11 o'clock service.

Walter Flandorf, the organist and director of music, the Peoples Church Quartette and the Peoples Church Choir all made a beautiful contribution of music throughout the day at all of the services.

The comment throughout the congregations seemed to be that never had Dr. Bradley given greater inspiration or finer Easter sermons. In fact the comment has been very general throughout the entire past year, that if it could be possible, Dr. Bradley's sermons have deepened and increased in inspiration. To one who has served his church for 37 consecutive years, this should be greatly encouraging, satisfying and an inspiration for all the work the coming years may bring.

NORSEMEN SINGING SOCIETY

To Give Concert in The Peoples Church

Sunday Evening, May 8th, at 7:30 o'clock, the Norsemen Singing Society, a male chorus of 70 voices, directed by Mr. Knute Hansen, will give a concert in the auditorium of The Peoples Church.

This is the oldest singing society in Chicago. It was formed in 1870, and

now the grandsons and great-grandsons of the original founders are carrying on its tradition of fine singing.

The society own and maintain their own club house at 2414 N. Kedzie Avenue. They have sung in every principal city of the United States and have toured Europe three times—the last time being in 1939.

This fine chorus, under the able and inspired direction of Knute Hansen, known well to Chicagoans, will sing a lovely and varied program.

The public is welcome and no admission will be charged. An offering will be taken for the benefit of Lakewood House of the Mary Bartelme Club.

The Preston Bradley Auxiliary of the Mary Bartelme Club, of which Miss Ruth Kruskopf is President, assisted by the Professional and Business Woman's Club of the Peoples Church, is sponsoring the concert.

THE WOMAN'S CLUB IN MAY

The Annual Spring Luncheon of the Woman's Club will be held on Monday, May 9th, at the Edgewater Beach Hotel, at 12:30 o'clock.

Dr. Preston Bradley will be the speaker of the day. The musical program will be announced later.

Honored guests include, in addition to Dr. Bradley, Mrs. Wyllys W. Hagen, President, Ninth District of the I.F.W.C., Mrs. Preston Bradley, Honorary President of the Club, Mr. J. Bradley-Griffin, Director of the Uptown Players, Miss Grace Rozanski, President of the Professional and Business Woman's Club of the church, and Mr. Lou H. Hangel, President of the Men's Club of the church.

The Annual Spring Luncheon is always a gala and festive occasion in the life of the club, yet tinged with the nostalgia of leave-taking, as members are about to pursue their individual summer plans.

However, it is not a separation for all the members or a cessation of all the activities of the club at one and the same time, as committees for next year are chosen immediately and Bazaar workers begin to think about what they can do during the summer in preparation for the winter Bazaar.

There are a few summer parties and tours, outings of one kind or another, and meetings at the different homes where the women work together on Bazaar work. Vacationers are reminded, too, to think about the Bazaar while away for the summer and to bring back interesting and salable articles from their summer trips.

PROFESSIONAL AND BUSINESS WOMAN'S CLUB

Last year, for their annual dinner, the Business Women had a Smorgasbord. This proved so very popular (Schott & Son, of North Clark St. were the caterers) that again this year the same popular firm will take care of the matter.

The Annual Spring Dinner, at Anderson Hall, 6:30 P.M., Tuesday, May 10, will be a Smorgasbord of the highest order, and this will be the Tenth Anniversary of the Professional and Business Woman's Club.

Honored guests will be Dr. Preston Bradley, Honorary Life Member of the club, whose idea it was, and its staunchest supporter. Mrs. Preston Bradley, Honorary President; Dr. and Mrs. Rufus W. Lee, (Mrs. Lee having been President of the Woman's Club at the time the Business Woman's Club was inaugurated, and having given her support to the club for many years); Mrs. J. J. Reynolds, member of the Board of Trustees of the Peoples Church, also a staunch supporter of the club at its

inception; Mrs. Walter A. Stehle, President of the Woman's Club; Mr. and Mrs. Lou H. Hangel (Mr. Hangel being President of the Men's Club of the church) who are faithful supporters of all the church activities.

Almost since the first Annual Dinner of the club, the Clyde Basslers have given of their time and talent to make these affairs memorable.

This year they will be with us again, and will entertain us with an Irish evening, presenting the poetry and songs of Ireland. This will be a program in lighter vein than that of last year, but the interest of all will certainly be as great, for Irish melodies are beloved by all.

The donation for the evening will be $2.75, as it was last year.

Reservations may be made with the church office and with Miss Ruth Kruskopf, Jun. 8-3229.

MID-WEST INSTITUTE OFFERS Dale Carnegie Course To a Peoples Church Group

Beginning May 16th, and continuing every night Monday through Friday, for three weeks, ending June 3rd, the Mid-West Institute is offering an intensive course in public speaking and personality training to about 30 members of the organization of the Peoples Church.

Mrs. Patricia Evans, head of the Mid-West Institute has registered in the Institute at the present time some 1,000 students, consisting of 15 classes taking this course. However, the regular course covers a 16 week period, meeting two nights a week.

The reason back of the "stepped-up" course is that about a dozen candidates for positions on the staff of the Dale Carnegie Institute must go through this indoctrination period under the supervision of the Vice-President of the Dale Carnegie Institute of New York, and the Peoples Church group will furnish a test class for them.

The members of the Peoples Church are fairly familiar with the ideals and aims of the Dale Carnegie Institute, as Dr. Bradley reviewed Mr. Carnegie's latest book "How to Stop Worrying and Start Living" over the air on his WGN Daily broadcast this past season, and the Business Woman's Club heard a review of it by Ethel Wells Smalley, Dr. Bradley's Study Secretary and Past President of the club.

The book interestingly sets forth how Mr. Carnegie came to found these classes and his Institute.

The Peoples Church is very fortunate in being able to offer this opportunity to members of its various organizations.

GIRL SCOUT NEWS

The Girl Scout Troops of the Peoples Church now number three groups: Girl Scout Troop No. 187; Brownie Scout Troop No. 630 and Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 301.

On May 5th these three troops invite their parents and friends to a showing of movies in Anderson Hall, at 7 o'clock. These movies will show the many activities of Girl Scout Camping and World Friendship.

On April 25th, Brownie Scout Troop No. 630 visited the modern pasteurizing plant of Bowman Dairy Company at 4125 N. Kostner Av.

On Friday, May 27th, the new Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 301, under the leadership of Mrs. Della Goering, will have a Parents' Night meeting in Anderson Hall at 7 o'clock.

The first Girl Scout Troop to be organized in the church was No. 187, which is under the leadership of Miss Betty Boaz. The Brownie Scout Troop No. 630 is under the leadership of Mrs. Vera Swanson.

THE UPTOWN PLAYERS

THE month of May means that the 1948-1949 season of The Uptown Players is rapidly drawing to a close. It has been a most interesting season, with two revivals, the Chicago premiere of two Broadway plays and four Broadway hits which had played successfully on the road. The greatest challenge our director faced this season was when he announced THE WINSLOW BOY as our February production. Despite constant reminders of the excellent performance presented in Chicago by the original English company, Mr. Bradley-Griffin went ahead with his plans and gave Uptown Player audiences the most professional production ever given by a non-professional group. It resulted in more letters and congratulatory telephone calls than any play in their history!

The Uptown Players will close their current season with a revival of Thornton Wilder's great American classic, OUR TOWN, his Pulitzer prize winning play. OUR TOWN depicts the life of a New Hampshire village—with its humor, picturesqueness and pathos—set against a background of centuries of time, social history, and religious ideas. As the Stage Manager in the drama says: "This is the way we were in our growing up and in our marrying and in our doctoring and in our living and in our dying." The play begins in 1901 in Grover's Corners where the Gibbs and the Webbs are neighbors. During their childhood George Gibbs and Emily Webb are playmates and their lives are inextricably woven together as neighbors' lives are like to be. But as they grow older they pass from this period into a state of romantic but embarrassed interest in one another. And one day George proposes to Emily in the drug store over an ice cream soda. The play closes with one of the most vitally moving scenes in the modern theatre. It is presented on a bare stage, depending solely on good acting, lighting, and sound effects. It is the kind of play everyone should see. The role of the "Stage Manager" is beautifully portrayed by the founder-director of The Uptown Players, J. Bradley-Griffin, who gives to the role all the understanding, pathos, and skill for which he is so well known. Performance dates of OUR TOWN, which will be presented at the 11th Street Theatre, 72 East 11th Street, are Wednesday evening, May 11; Thursday evening, May 12; Saturday evening, May 14; and Sunday afternoon, May 15. Evening performances are at 8:30 P.M. and the Sunday matinee at 3 o'clock. Admission at the Saturday night performance is $1.50, all other performances, $1.25.

The final Drama Tea of the current season will be held on Sunday, June 5, at 4 o'clock, in Anderson Hall of The Peoples Church. As usual, the program will be scenes from each of the productions presented during the season, which will include I REMEMBER MAMA, LIFE WITH FATHER, AN INSPECTOR CALLS, YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU, THE WINSLOW BOY, JOHN LOVES MARY, PORTRAIT IN BLACK, and OUR TOWN. It will be a most interesting afternoon and a fitting climax to a successful season.

The Uptown Players will not return to the Luzern Garden Theatre this summer in order to enable their director to take a well earned vacation, his first in many years. However, all inquiries addressed to their headquarters at 1149 N. LaSalle Street, Chicago 10, will re-

ceive prompt attention. They will be glad to furnish information on their 1949-1950 season, their patron memberships, and their Club Plan whereby they sell their regular tickets in a block of 25 or more at the reduced price of 75c. Why not plan some theatre parties for the fall and winter and at the same time raise money for your own group?

Au revoir, and our hearty thanks to all our patrons and friends for their invaluable support in our work.

TRIBUTE TO MR. WILLIAM M. STICKNEY

offered by Dr. Preston Bradley during the responsive reading of the Church Litany, at the Sunday morning service, March 27, 1949, in The Peoples Church of Chicago.

Last Friday noon I sat down by the side of one who has been my friend for many years, and one who has been active in the administrative work of this Church for, I think, about a quarter of a century.

He was always constant in his attendance, always here. I sat down by his side in St. Francis Hospital in Evanston, while he had his lunch. We planned about our Easter service. He said to me, "You know, Doctor, I have never felt better than I do today after all my illness." He had been in St. Francis Hospital for weeks. "I am getting back my strength and I am going to be at Church on Easter Sunday." I said to him, "Will, nothing will give me greater happiness and happiness to all your friends at The Peoples Church."

But that evening, after I came back from an engagement, I had a telephone message that he had died—Mr. William M. Stickney—Friday evening at 7:10 at St. Francis Hospital.

We all knew him and loved him. I will conduct his funeral service in Evanston on Tuesday afternoon.

I am thinking of him this morning and of the many, many mornings we have spent together here in this service.

In the beauty of this Litany, I want you to remember his family, his daughter, and all of us, in this moment.

. . . by all the blessed memories of our dead.

TRIBUTE TO TABOR CHARLES RANDALL

offered by Dr. Preston Bradley during the responsive reading of the Church Litany, at the Sunday morning service, April 3rd, 1949, in The Peoples Church of Chicago.

As we come to this moment in our beautiful Litany where our minds and our hearts are centered upon our loved ones and our friends who have preceded us in the great adventure, our hearts and our love from this entire Church go out this morning to the family of Tabor Charles Randall, one of our boys. You will find his name on our bronze plaque yonder in the lobby of the Church. His body has just been returned to Chicago. The whole family are members of this Church. His mother and sister are in our choir. We will hold the funeral service for Tabor Charles Randall at Drake's Chapel on Tuesday morning of this week at 11 o'clock, Foster and Western Avenues. We remember him in his youth and in the friendliness of his character.

The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

PRESTON BRADLEY, LL.D., D.D. ..... Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY ..... Associate Editor
ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY ..... Assistant to the Editor
MAY H. HARRISON ..... Business Manager

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR — TWENTY CENTS A COPY

Published on the First Day of the Month

Address All Communications to

THE LIBERALIST—941 LAWRENCE AVE., CHICAGO 40, ILL.

We assume no responsibility for unsolicited manuscripts, articles or poems.

EDITORIAL

PROBABLY there is hardly a reader to whom that beautiful song "Sweet Mystery of Life" is not familiar. Words seem to have limitations, even though they may be used by the great artists of imagery and creative speech, but life's deepest meanings, its most intangible influences can best be expressed in music—the universal language that all can understand. Those influences are not spoken, they are experienced—something which is vitally a part of our deepest spiritual selves—the mystery—the sweet mystery of life.

Each one of us comes into this world without being consulted; we have no control whatever over our origin. We were picked out of the cosmos, some maintain by some direct objective of Creative power, others maintain that it is purely an accidental phenomena of the same cosmos, but whatever it is, you and I did not choose our origin. You did not choose your nationality, your color, your race, the place where you were born, the circumstances under which you were to meet life—we had nothing to do with it. We just became. And all those who retain a normality of life, will have nothing to do with their leaving life. Our entrance into life and our exit from life are both out of our hands. We are individual identities afloat in a great cosmos, and yet at the beginning we would have all perished if loving hands and loving hearts had not been there.

You and I, in that hour of origin, were helpless, but love was there, skill was there; someone wanted us to live, and we lived through a moment over which we had no control, and with which we had nothing to do—the mystery of life. Out of all the resources of creative life, is the miracle of birth. And from the moment of birth to the moment of death, mystery, mystery everywhere! until the great hearts and the great minds that have paused to look with reflection and interpretation upon the whole life-process, as we see it from the seed into a flower and ripened grain, as we see it in the agonizing, indescribable and unutterable emanations from the eyes of a wounded

soul, from the time we see it in the tear-stained faces of unremembered love; from the time we see it in the scars that bedeck the countenances of those who knew hope, beauty and loveliness, and have been deepened and chiseled by sin and failure, straight through these years, mystery—until the poet Tennyson could utter these immortal words:

"Little flower—but if I could understand what you are, root and all, and all in all, I should know what God and man is."

Mystery of life! Is it any wonder that in man's effort to rationalize the universe of which he is a part, he finally comes to a stone wall with a question mark on it? But there is an answer, "For it is love and love alone that rules the world!" If all this is true, and would you deny to me that it is true if you are really thoughtful about it? Is it untrue? And if LOVE is the answer, and if life has sweetness in its mystery, obviously, what ought we to do? Find love again, ought we not? If love is the answer and it is; what is behind the heartaches of the world? the fear of Russia; the ambitions of imperialism; racial hatreds; religious bigotry; what's the answer to it all? I know. It is so simple. Perhaps that's what's the matter with it. Perhaps it's too simple; for the answer to the mystery and to the problem is just love—beautiful, simple love. Whether you are a Jew or a Gentile, Black or White, Christian or Atheist, the answer is to be found in the love of the Master of Men; pure, simple love.

In Thomas Curtis Clark's anthology, "Poems for Life" is this poem of Walter Eccles, called "Not Understood:"

"Not understood,
We move along asunder—
Our path grows wider, as we go down the years.
We marvel and we wonder why life is life,
And then we fall asleep—
Not understood.

Not understood,
We gather false impressions,
And we bring them closer as the years go by,
Till virtues often seem to us transgressions;
And thus men rise and fall, and live and die—
Not understood.

How many breasts are aching, how many spirits pass away—
Not understood!
O God, that men should see a little clearer
Or judge less harshly when they cannot see!
O God, that men would draw a little closer
To one another, and they'd be nearer Thee—
And understood."

P.B.

"Truth never dies. The ages come and go.
The mountains wear away, the stars retire.
Destruction lays earth's mighty cities low;
And empires, states and dynasties expire;
But caught and handed onward by the wise,
TRUTH NEVER DIES"

THIS IS MY CHURCH

By GLENN O. CANFIELD

(From a pamphlet published by American Unitarian Association.)

The Four Freedoms of a Unitarian Church:
Freedom of Inquiry in the study
Freedom of Speech in the pulpit
Freedom of Belief in the pew
Freedom of Social Action in the community

THIS is my church.

For a long time this church has been like a home to me. It seems to be a part of me, even as I am a part of it.

My parents brought me here when I was very small, and together we joined in a common quest for all those revealing beauties, truths and goodnesses with which life is enriched.

Here, as a child, I learned the mysteries and meanings of life, the beauties and wonders of nature, and I thrilled to be alive in so good a world. Slowly I gathered the judgments of enlightened experience and learned the meaning of a steadfast faith in life. I heard the romantic stories of those great souls who long ago went on before, blazing new trails where highways never ran, to leave to those who came after them the rich fruits of high courage and consecrated endeavor. The shining ideals given by the heroes and heroines of old have been woven into the very texture of my soul, so that in after years, when I might have surrendered to foolish and futile ways, the truths I learned here became again radiant, insistent and inescapable.

In the emotionally tempestuous years of my adolescence, my church seemed to understand me better than I understood myself and guided my development by lifting my eyes to the highest ideals.

When I came into maturity and entered into life in all of its fullness and reality, this church challenged me to live up to the level of my best.

When I sought direction amid the bewildering tangle of the conflicting appeals of everyday living, I found here a clear call to righteousness and duty.

This church helped me to discover my relationship with Life and the universe, with the forces and processes in nature, and man, with that mysterious Power in man that lifts him above the level of the brute and gives him the potentialities of a destiny in which righteousness and brotherhood shall prevail.

Here I am taken out of myself, and I see the vast and complicated network of human relationships which alone give meaning to individual lives. Here I find in happy fellowship with others the deep impulses of the spiritual nature of man for which my whole being hungers, for only in fellowship with others can I find completeness in my own life.

In this church we have no pretensions of great knowledge; rather, we have reverence for the size of the mystery with which the little we know is surrounded.

Together, here, we listen to the ageless music of the masters, and in the silences we hear the overtones of the Music of the Spheres.

Here, we listen to a voice consecrated to truth and the discovery of truth, which guides our thinking, refines our emotions, challenges us to higher ideals and nobler living.

We who come here do not always agree with one another; we are not re-

quired to agree, but we are required to use our mental freedom in the search for, and the discovery of, truth and to be willing to move always forward to higher truth.

In this church we encourage freedom of inquiry in the study, fredom of speech in the pulpit, freedom of belief in the pew and freedom of social action in the community.

Our church is not like most churches. It is different. If it had not been different from the other churches in this community there would have been little reason for its existence all these years. Because it is different it has survived and has served the needs of all those who through the years have sought the freedom of the truth.

This is a Unitarian church. It is not a Protestant church, for our movement began before Protestantism and has had a full and colorful history for hundreds of years in its own tradition. It is not precisely a "Christian" church, as creedal, institutional "Christianity" is known today, but we are trying to live up to the best of the religion Jesus lived and taught. We are also trying to live up to the best of all other religions and all truth so far as we have discovered it. We try to be *inclusive,* not *exclusive*. We do not feel the necessity of confining ourselves to one tradition or one creed, excluding all other truth, but in complete freedom search out the universe for all that gives light, life and love.

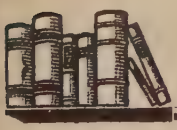
Our church exists for the expansion of personality and the enrichment and fulfillment of human life. We believe in the growth of personality through the creative arts, music, drama, study, meditation, discussion, recreation, service projects and the like, and we work locally, nationally and internationally for all measures that make for peace and abundance among all men. We endeavor to teach and establish the conditions that will build the good life throughout the world and to establish justice and good will in every land.

We give our loyal support not only to our local work but also to the extended service of this and all other Unitarian churches, working co-operatively, in our several denominational agencies serving the needs of people and the advancement of this noble cause in many places and areas in the world.

We ask ourselves frequently: What more can we do to meet the needs of today and the challenge for service the future will bring? What more can we do to meet the needs of people anywhere, everywhere, and open for them the gates of larger life?

This is my church.

I have a claim upon it; more than that, it has a claim upon me. It asks my loyalty and my service. It has a right to ask it! I will help this church do for others what it has done for me. As long as I live, I will help my church keep aloft the torch of the living truth —the light of freedom for all mankind.



BOOK CHATS

HARRY A. OVERSTREET, the author of our first book under discussion, was born in San Francisco, and educated at the University of California, and at Oxford. He recently retired from the Department of Philosophy which he headed for many years at the College of the City

of New York. Dr. Overstreet now devotes himself to lecturing and writing. Always deeply interested in social and economic questions, he at one time gave up his academic position to work in factories and industrial plants as a laborer, and also went on the road as a salesman, making a tour of factories throughout the United States. His own work has been in the realm of ideas, yet he has also taken a most active part in the broader life of his time. His steadily increasing popularity rests on a very firm foundation.

Few people have the faculty of being able to analyze abstract theories in concrete terms. This, Dr. Overstreet can do. Those who hear him or read him are impelled toward more effective living, whether in business or professional life, as parents, as citizens, or simply as human beings. Thousands of readers have built a modern philosophy of life through the guidance of his words. Perhaps many of you are familiar with the titles of some of the books Dr. Overstreet has written. Here they are: *About Ourselves; Influencing Human Behavior; Our Free Minds;* and the next title I like for it contains a theme I often stress: *A Declaration of Interdependence,* and the book we are talking about, which is called *The Mature Mind.*

In this last book, which is considered by many to be the best he has written, he explains how our immaturities of attitude and action cause most of our difficulties and conflicts. He shows what it means to be mature, and how our immaturities, widely shared, have led to the tensions and confusions of our day. He explains how to go about the process of becoming mature and how it can help us move forward into new confidence and wisdom. He divides this book into two parts, the first of which he calls *The Maturity Concept,* and the second *Forces That Shape Us.* I think a few of his chapter headings will interest you: *A Heritage of Contradictions.* How many of us would like to blame it all on heredity! Then *Applied Maturity; A Test Case; Economics for Human Fulfillment; The Play of Politics on the Mind; What we Read, See and Hear; The Home as a Place for Growing;* parents should be especially interested in that one; *Education: A Question Mark; Toward Religious Maturity;* and then, in closing, he has a chapter on *What We Ourselves Can Do.*

In a preface to the book, Dr. Overstreet tells us that Alfred North Whitehead wrote that "Mankind is now in one of its rare moods of shifting its outlook. The mere compulsion of tradition has lost its force. It is the business of philosophers, students and practical men to re-create and re-enact a vision of the world, conservative and radical, including those elements of reverence and order without which society lapses into a riot, a vision penetrated through and through with unflinching rationality." And the author tells us that this book concerns the re-creation and re-enactment of such a vision . . . that centers in man's mental, emotional and social maturing; and that this insight helps us to understand the forces that have created our predicaments and brought us close to destruction; and it also affords the clue to our possible advance out of chaos.

The publishers tell us that the reader of this book will learn to look at himself in a new way; will see the damage caused by his psychological immaturity and will realize how maturity can bring a fuller and happier life. I recommended this book to someone who came to me for help in straightening out some mental problems with which she was struggling; they were everyday problems of living; but when I used the word psychology she rebel-

led at once; had no interest in it. I do not know anyone who needed what this book has to give more than she, yet her prejudice against something of which she actually knew nothing was setting up a barrier, a barrier to the very thing which could help her. When we are told, as we are, that a man with the background of education and experience which Dr. Overstreet has, has written something which will give us a clue to our possible advancement out of the chaos we are in, then on the face of it are we not immature, if we refuse to investigate what he has said?

The author tells us that the "time clock of science has struck a new hour; and a new insight begins to be at our service . . . "All children," Diderot once observed, "are essentially criminal. It is merely our good luck that their physical powers are still too limited to permit them to carry out their destructiveness." Dr. Overstreet thinks that had Diderot lived today, he "might have expanded his remark. He might have said that all childish minds are dangerous, but particularly when those minds are housed in adult bodies; for then they have the power to put their immaturities fully and disastrously into effect. The forms that adult childishness can take are almost infinite in number. They exist not merely in those unfortunates who have to be confined to institutions, but in countless thousands of men and women who look adult, are taken to be adult, and are granted the full prerogatives of adulthood. In these grown-up minds, the immaturities are almost invariably disguised from the individuals themselves. Also they are usually disguised from those who share their life—largely because these others display similar immaturities themselves. The immaturities, moreover, are disguised from society at large, since that society has as yet developed no constant habit of appraising adult behaviors as immature or mature." But he thinks that "once we begin to understand these immaturities in adults, we have a clue as to how to bring into our human affairs a greater measure of sanity. The immaturities explain much in our history for which we have hitherto had no sufficient explanation. Similarly they explain many baffling facts about our present-day behavior, both private and public. They offer us, therefore, a key with which to unlock stubborn problems that have to do with our common welfare and our personal happiness. Also they provide us with a hope," for something can be done about these immaturities. He thinks there should be no "dying back of the brain" in the adult years. He quotes William Sheldon as saying "The days of youth teem with fragments of living knowledge; with daring philosophies; morning dreams; plans. But the human mind at forty is commonly vulgar, smug, deadened, and wastes its hours. Everywhere adult brains seem to resemble blighted trees that have died in the upper branches, but yet cling to a struggling green wisp of life about the lower trunk."

The last chapter, *What We Ourselves Can Do,* is very practical and down to earth in its helpfulness. He speaks of simple family situations, such as an opportunity for mature or immature response presenting itself when the adolescent member of the family begins to bring home opinions other than those that have been standard in the family. "This can lead to repeated occasions where the adults express their shocked disapproval, point out the ridiculousness or the danger of such views, warn the adolescent that he is callow and needs to grow up as they have grown up. Or it can lead to repeated occasions when the adults of the family draw out the adolescent into full expression of his views; listen with honest interest;

express honest doubts if they have any; but express them in such a way that the adolescent is given to feel that he has the right to a mind of his own." For though "these are little things that hardly seem worthy of notice perhaps in a solemn treatise on maturity and survival; yet it is out of little things like these that the mature or immature atmosphere of our homes is created . . . out of the small immaturities of response in the small day-by-day situations that the disastrous immaturity of home life is often created". This last chapter, composed of several parts, is filled with practical individual instances of maturity and immaturity in the everyday walk of life and I highly recommend for thoughtful reading, *The Mature Mind,* by H. A. Overstreet.

* * *

A long time ago, one of the wisest men who ever lived said that the survival of Democracy depended on an educated citizenry. In the nearly 2500 years which have passed since he wrote those words there have been countless examples of their truth. Obviously he could not have meant by education merely an accumulation of facts. Facts by themselves are of little importance. He could not have meant merely knowing things. That would be knowledge, and knowledge is not enough. The ancient and honorable institutions of education throughout Europe were not enough. Education, to be the solvent of our problems and preserve the ideals of freedom and truth, must have uninterrupted opportunity to influence the whole of the human personality—mind, heart, soul and body. The opportunity of becoming familiar with the best thoughts of the best mind is a potent factor in cultivating a desire for freedom in an individual. Once knowing what it means to be free, he will preserve the experience whatever it costs. Nations, races, and men who have known freedom and lost it are never content until they have regained what they have lost. Reading the thoughts of heroic and adventuresome minds in the field of freedom quickens our appreciation of it, and inspires us to preserve it.

The American Brotherhood, National Conference of Christians and Jews of 203 N. Wabash Avenue, Chicago 1, Illinois, each year put out a list of the latest books which tend toward a better understanding of human relations. This list is compiled by a group of distinguished literary people, and is published under the heading, *Reading for Democracy,* I wrote the foreword for the list of Books for Adult reading this year, and if you will send to the address given above a copy of the pamphlet will be sent you, including lists for youngsters as well as adults, giving book titles, publishers, and a brief description of the book. I consider it to be of paramount importance that you be in touch with the selections of this important committee.

In this year's foreword to the books for younger readers, Mary Alice Jones, who has written it, tells us "Books are bridges. Bridges that help little children move out from themselves to the world in which they live; but if books are to be dependable bridges, they must be *good* books, well-told stories, true to the realities of life, with believable characters and stirring plots, and books of authentic information so presented that the children will read them with keen interest and satisfaction." The idea of the group who selected these books which are included in this list, was to fortify the children against prejudice. Among the *In Between Books* for Americans of All Ages, are listed such books as *Nehru of India,* by Cornelia Spencer, *The Jew In American Sports,* by Harold U. Ribalow, which is an interesting, sometimes thrilling record of the achievements of

American athletes who had an even harder struggle than usual in their climb to the top simply because they were Jews. *Paul Dunbar and His Songs* by Virginia Cunningham is in this group, a stirring biography of Paul Laurence Dunbar, the first Negro to achieve distinction as a poet in America. Edwin Embree has written the book *Peoples of the Earth,* where, in letters to his niece and nephew, he presents elementary facts about the peoples all over the world. One who has read no books of this type cannot well imagine the thrill of the history of people of other lands and climes, about whom we know so little. Oftentimes it is quite as much an adventure story to an adult as it is to a younger reader. Another book in this group is *Tree By the Waters,* by Gene Karsavina, published by International Publishing Co., in which Abbie Chapin, sixteen years old, finds herself and also finds romance in a struggle to get native New Englanders and the newer Polish Americans to work together in a factory dominated town. There are books of General Non-Fiction, books of Fiction, and books classed as Miscellaneous. Carl Van Doren's *The Great Rehearsal* is a tense, dramatic story of what will probably be recorded as America's great gift to civilization: the federal principle in politics. It is a beautiful record of the drafting of our constitution. Here are a few of the titles from this non-fiction list for adults: *Peace or Anarchy,* by Cord Meyer, Jr.; *Americans from Japan,* by Bradford Smith; *Free Trade, Free World* by Oswald Garrison Villard; *Thy Men Shall Fall,* by Sidney and Samuel Moss, a very important book, a protest against the senseless slaughter of war. The reader finishes the volume with a determination to try to do something to prevent it. *A Little Democracy is a Dangerous Thing* is by Charles W. Ferguson; *Civilization on Trial,* by Arnold J. Toynbee. Under Fiction there is *This Precious Dust,* by Rita Kissin, a very readable novel. It is the story of Julie Maast's life, first in Nazi Germany and later in America. It is a stirring plea for better understanding. Here is listed *Lost Boundaries,* by W. L. White, *Patrick Calls Me Mother,* by Ann Barley, and *The Crusaders,* by Stephan Heym, of which Emmett Dedmon says "It is not too large a claim to say that *The Crusaders* is a great novel and one of the most comprehensive and intellectually mature considerations of World War II we are likely to have." There is a book of poetry called *Powerful Long Ladder,* by Owen Dodson, who has written plays for Little Theatre Groups and is at present writing film scripts to promote better racial understandings.

Now before I give you some of the books listed for younger readers, I wish to mention two books, historical novels, written by Edward B. Hungerford, a Professor at Northwestern, who during the war, was in command of an Armed Guard Unit on a Liberty Ship in the Pacific, who has also had experience as Discipline Officer, his responsibility being the young boys who had got into trouble. These books are directed to 'teen agers, and they are called *Fighting Frigate,* and *Emergency Run,* published by Wilcox-Follett. These will not be on the list sent you, but I list them here: *Fighting Frigate* and *Emergency Run,* by Edward B. Hungerford. For very young readers, the list contains *Nils,* by Ingri and Edgar Parin d'Aulaire; *Shadow, the All American Dog,* by Pearl Daru Snyder, appealingly American.

For Intermediate Readers, there is *All About Us,* by Eva Knox Evans, which tells the story of why people are different and why they are alike, a book which Professor Einstein calls a cour-

ageous and important book. *The Hundred Dresses,* by Eleanor Estes, is an important lesson in democracy; *Bertie Takes Care,* by Henry Gregor Felsen, a humorous story of a boy who proves that qualities of leadership can make a hero of a fat boy; then *Joe Magarac,* by Irwin Shapiro, tells how a legendary hero of the steel mills gets his U.S.A. citizen papers. And there are many more, but I have given you a few titles just to present some idea of the variety of these listed books.

Now, another important event in the literary world in March was the selection of the ten books as candidates for the $1,000 *Gutenberg Award.* These books, in the opinion of the publishers, have "most progressively influenced American thought in 1948." Some are best sellers, so-called, and some are what are called dark horses. These will not be on the printed list sent, but here they are:*Crusade in Europe*—Eisenhower; *Cry The Beloved Country*—Paton; *Education in a Divided World*—Conant, *The Gathering Storm*—Churchill; *The Naked and the Dead*—Mailer; *No place to Hide*—David Bradley, which I recently reviewed; *Our Plundered Planet*—Osborn; *Road to Survival*—Vogt, another which I recently reviewed; *Roosevelt and Hopkins*—Sherwood; and *Sexual Behavior in The Human Male,* by Kinsey.

My secretary, Ethel Wells Smalley, who writes a poem occasionally handed me this little verse after reading this list of books, which I thought rather appropriate:

"Oh, I'll *never* get to Norway,
Or fly to far Bombay;
I cannot sail to Iceland,
Or ship to Mandalay;
But I can read a book or two
And sail right out my door
And take myself to *any* land
And fly the wide world o'er."

P.B.

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By GRACE THAYER BRADLEY

I SAT looking out the Study windows this evening as daylight was fading to twilight and I thought one could seldom look upon a more beautiful scene. There had been a flaming red sunset and high clouds in the east reflected a pink glow. A feathery streamer of smoke, miles long along the horizon, indicated one of the large freighters was plying its way north.

When we see these great boats northbound we always think they are heading for Duluth and will come to port alongside the enormous ore docks in Duluth's beautiful harbor, where long trains made up of strangely shaped cars filled with iron ore from the Mesaba Range run on tracks on top of the high docks and the ore is unloaded from the cars through chutes into the freighters. Often there are several of these gigantic ore boats at the docks at the same time, lined up on either side. It is an interesting sight to a stranger and one we have seen there many summers. We never cease to be thrilled by the scene the harbor presents as one

approaches it. Then when we have crossed the bridge from Superior over into Duluth and driven carefully up the steep hill, we come to a place where cars may park a few minutes to get the view from the other side. Instead of facing Duluth and looking up, you look down from a height upon the city sprawling over the hills, with its accents of church spires and towers and schools and thousands of homes. You look upon the shimmering harbor, upon Sandy Point, which is twenty miles long and forms part of the harbor, where there are many summer homes, and then out to the deep blue waters of Lake Superior. Truly it is a breath-taking sight.

That ribbon of smoke fluttering out there on our Lake Michigan horizon from a north-bound freighter is to blame for my writing all that about Duluth, which may not be of interest to you at all, but which to us spells "home," because it is a little less than a hundred miles from there to Lake Vermilion and our Island home, where for over thirty years we have spent the summers.

Only today we received a letter from our good friend, Mr. Olson, a Tower businessman, telling us that Sunday, April 24th, Lake Vermilion was free of ice. This means, in that locality and to everyone who has a home up there, that the official opening of Spring has arrived in our North Country and beautiful Lake Vermilion is open water again.

* * *

We must hurry now to look into the Mail Bag. I think there are still many who remember Mrs. Jane Waters French, a member of our church and at one time very active in our work. In fact, Mrs. French was the third president of our Woman's Club (1922-1924), a charming and capable woman. Some years ago her health was not so good and she was urged to go to Florida to live with a cousin at Fort Myers, and there she has remained.

Earlier this month we received such a beautiful letter from her that I cannot resist giving it to you to read here. She is so sweet and brave—crippled with arthritis, but will not allow herself to get lonesome, loving the birds and flowers, and watching the tide come in and go out, rhythmically. Today I reecived a note from her with a packet of petunia seeds enclosed. She wrote:

"I look out from my window upon a bed 15 by 7 feet, of the most beautiful petunias I have ever seen and thought I'd send you some seed, knowing your love for flowers and your garden at your island home. I am sure you can grow these for Doctor and you to enjoy."

I think that was so lovely of her. Here, now, is her other letter. (The orchids she mentions are the decoration on her very pretty stationery.) "My dear good friends: An orchid to each of you! To you, Grace, for your sweet thoughtfulness in sending me The Liberalists, and to Doctor, for his splendid tribute to our mutual friend, Tillie Hinman. I, personally, know you never had a truer, more loyal friend than Tillie.

"I loved the beautifully written description of your Christmas-Day surroundings, which brought to mind so many nostalgic memories of such Christmases I have spent in dear old Chicago. However, (like your Louise Koehler) I am trying very hard to 'Shut the door on yesterday, its sorrows and mistakes.' It is difficult, but as Dr. Bradley says, 'Life is difficult.'

"Like Mrs. Koehler, I, also, will be 81 this year (come August 20th). I fully realize that it can't be long now until I shall be walking out to where the sky meets the palmettos in the jungle and *on* and *on* to—*who knows where?* I'm hoping to a 'Beautiful Isle

of Somewhere.'

"I've been a shut-in most all winter, being so arthritically crippled I couldn't get out much. Only been to Ft. Myers once since Christmas. This is the reason for my seeming negligence in giving you my words of thanks for The Liberalist. I read and re-read everything in them, even to the names on the different committees, most of whom are unknown to me now. I especially miss your messages at this, the Lenten Season, Doctor.

"I don't allow myself to get lonesome. For companionship I have many books and magazines, beautiful flowers, birds (mocking and cardinals) and loads of squirrels scampering in the Old Live Oaks, which are covered with Spanish moss, lazily swinging in the gentle breeze. I sit for hours on the banks of the Caloosahatche River (Seminole for Beautiful River) when able to get out, watching the tide come in and then go out, back to the Gulf, as monotonous and regular as the clock ticks the hours away. It is all so typical of my life the past few years, since I have become *hors de combat*. I do *not* enjoy being on the outside looking in.

"My cousin (with whom I live) calls her home 'Paradise Place.' It is aptly named, but I do *miss you* all *very, very much.*

"Thanks again, and believe me,
Gratefully yours,
Jane Waters French."

* * *

Many of you may have heard Dr. Bradley's broadcast recently about Dr. Bennett, who wrote the lovely old hymn "The Sweet Bye and Bye." Doctor received a number of letters of appreciation of that broadcast, but most interesting and significant is the following:

"Dear Dr. Bradley: The other evening during your broadcast over WGN my daughter called to me in the next room saying, 'Dr. Bradley is speaking of Dr. Bennett and "The Sweet Bye and Bye".' Being busy I was only partially listening until I was called, and I followed your words closely.

"As a young boy I knew Dr. Sandford Fillmore Bennett (his close friends called him Santy) and remember him well. In fact, he was our family physician for a number of years until he retired. He was a kindly man, spare in physique, and always had a pleasant manner of greeting. Being only a small boy of seven he made an impression on me which I have carried along through the years.

"He was the attending physician at my brother's birth, and later on I remember his caring for my father's broken leg. We lived on a farm two miles west of Richmond, Illinois, where the doctor was located. I can see now the horse and buggy that he drove, the buggy a high-wheeled one typical of those days. This was in the late seventies. Later, as I grew older, I learned of the 'Sweet Bye and Bye,' and became familiar with its inception. My mother knew of course, and it was her favorite hymn, and sung at her funeral as it has been for thousands of others.

"I am writing this in appreciation of your broadcast in bringing to notice some of the finer things of bygone years.

"Thank you, Dr. Bradley. We always listen to your talks and find them stimulating.

"Very truly yours,
"L. G. Diegman."

Dr. Bradley frequently receives a letter from someone closely connected with, or familiar with interesting facts in connection with the subject of his broadcast, and that they should happen to be listening at that particular time always seems a pleasing coincidence.

* * *

Here is a sweet letter from a brave

soul down in Mississippi! Totally blind, but finds happiness in doing church and civic work. Her letter follows:

"Dear Dr. Bradley:—I have been listening to your broadcasts for some time now, and I think it is time I write and tell you just how much they mean to me. But now that I am writing I hardly know how to express what I want to say.

"I think that your broadcasts are very fine, mainly because I feel that you really believe the things you say, and they have gone a long way in helping me adjust myself to things that I surely thought would get me down.

"I want to thank you from the bottom of my heart. It's about time for me to say goodbye to your program; you see I can pick up WGN only during the winter months. Every fall I look forward to hearing you again. I'm always afraid that you have changed your time or worse, gone off the air, but so far, you have always been there. I only hope that you will be there next fall.

"I have been totally blind for sixteen years and also suffer from arthritis, but I find that by keeping busy I really have no problem. I play piano for my Church and Sunday School and take an active part in other church and civic work. By doing this I get a lot of enjoyment out of life. I truly believe that it is only by helping others that we really help ourselves.

"Thanks again for such interesting and encouraging programs and I hope that it goes on and on and on—for years to come! Gratefully yours, Bernice Henderson."

* * *

And now I shall bid you goodbye till the happy Junetime when, doubtless, I shall be chatting with you from our little Island home. We shall love to hear from you and I hope your summer will be a pleasant and beneficial one.

KEEP-ON-THE-BEAM!

DR. BRADLEY'S ENGAGEMENTS

MARCH

1—Radio Address. WGN
2—Radio Address. WGN
Book Lecture. Peoples Church
3—Radio Address. WGN
Cutting record. WGN
Address. P.T.A. McPherson School.
4—Radio Address. WGN (El. Tr.)
6—Two services. Peoples Church
7—Radio Address. WGN
Address. LaGrange Post. American Legion. Village Hall, LaGrange.
8—Radio Address. WGN
9—Radio Address. WGN
Luncheon Meeting, Chicago Civil Liberties Union. Art Institute
Book Lecture. Peoples Church
Address. Sinai Men's Club International House
10—Radio Address. WGN
Address, Dr. Bradley Day Uptown Lions Club Edgewater Beach Hotel
11—Radio Address. WGN
12—Meeting-Luncheon
Women's Broadcasting Assn. Drake Hotel.
13—Two Services. Peoples Church
14—Radio Address. WGN
Meeting. Chicago Public Library

15—Radio Address. WGN
Address. Chicago Round Table Hamilton Hotel
Reception for friends of Dr. Schweitzer's, at Mrs. Hovvy's.
Attendance "Messiah" Peoples Church
16—Radio Address. WGN
Book Lecture. Peoples Church
17—Radio Address. WGN
18—Radio Address. WGN
Address. Annual Banquet National Sportsmen's Club. Grand Ballroom. Stevens Hotel
20—Two services. Peoples Church
Address. WMOR Dedication of new station
21—Radio Address. WGN
Meeting Ushers' Club
22—Radio Address. WGN
Address. Lion's Club Charter Banquet. Frankfort, Ill.
23—Radio Address. WGN
Book Lecture. Peoples Church
24—Radio Address. WGN
Address. Mayfair Lion's Club National Restaurant
25—Radio Address. WGN
27—Two Services. Peoples Church
28—Radio Address. WGN
Cut record NBC for Governor re Consti. Convention for Ill. Meeting. Chicago Public Library
29—Radio Address. WGN
Dedic. Address Mundelein Com'ty Prot. Church, Mundelein, Ills.
30—Radio Address. WGN
Book Lecture. Peoples Church
Address. North Shore B'nai Brith. Winnetka Comty. House
31—Radio Address. (El. T.)
Cutting two records. WGN

CHRISTENINGS

13—Laurence George Foy, son of Mr. and Mrs. George Foy
20—Carlyle William Rudolph, son of Mr. and Mrs. Fred W. Rudolph
27—Josie Edna Hills (Adult)

April 17, Easter Sunday

James Walter and John Curtis Allison, sons of Mr. and Mrs. Curtis Allison
James Philip Balleras, son of Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Balleras
Randall Clifford Bowen, son of Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Bowen
Dolores Cappelli, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Mario Cappelli, Jr.
Barbara Jean Ferguson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ferguson
June Lee Ferguson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Ferguson
Robert Scott Firszt, son of Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Firszt
Robert Earl Fisher, son of Mr. and Mrs. Earl Fisher
Phyllis Jean and Robert Allen Franchino, children of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Franchino
Kristin Helene Kochansky, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Kochansky
Nancy Patricia Norton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Norton
Lynn Mary Olson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Linus Olson
Wayne Andrew Pickard, son of Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur Pickard
Judith Elaine Seifert, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Seifert
Mary Linnea Standley, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Standley
Susan Lynne Stille, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wayne Stille
Janet Eileen Timms, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Timms
Brett Valiquet, son of Mr. and Mrs. Albert W. Valiquet
Judith Ann and Terry Joel Braman, children of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Braman

FUNERALS

1—Mrs. Essie C. Kuss
Harry John Harrison
7—Robert Harling
8—Mrs. Eda L. Timerman
9—Miss Linna Fischer
12—Mrs. Emma G. Bichl
14—Franklin Lange
15—Justin H. Forrest
16—Charles Hanner
17—Thomas Macey
21—George Vastine
22—Iverson Wells
24—Mrs. Helga Christopherson
25—Mrs. Dorothy Frances Akers
26—Miss Emma Lemke
29—Mrs. Anna McCormack
William M. Stickney
30—Mrs. Ida Keene
Anna S. Bruce

WEDDINGS

2—Diane Holmes and
Thomas H. Maschke
5—Mary Morrison and
John Fraser
12—Arlene Kukula and
Joe Bretil
16—Laura Anna Kelly and
Floyd M. Showalter
22—Christine Petrakas and
George Grilli
26—Lynn Lucke and
James E. Stevenson
Mary Lewis and
Fred Whitwell
Janice M. Sivertsen and
David T. Barnard
27—Frances Shaw and
Taft Moody

The Following New Members Were Publicly Welcomed Into the Peoples Church on Easter Sunday, April 17th

Mr. Fred W. Anver
Mrs. Jess Audley
Miss Mildred Berdine from Christian Chruch, Paxton, Ill.
Mrs. Thelma Braman
Mr. John E. Brown of Manhattan, Ill., from The Christian Church, Dallas City, Ill.
Mrs. John Brown of Manhattan, Ill., from The Congregational Church, Dallas City, Ill.
Mr. and Mrs. Walter J. Brown
Mrs. Minnie R. Campbell
Mr. Nemesio S. Covarrubias
Mr. Richard Davidson
Mrs. Beulah Buck Fogleman, from 1st Baptist Church of Hollywood, Fla.
Mrs. Myra Strawn Hartshorn
Mrs. Malcolm Hay
Mrs. Cyrilla A. Herda
Miss Edith Herr, of Aurora, Ill.
Miss Josie E. Hills
Miss Mildred Hughes
Mr. Walter L. Jones
Mrs. Margaret Ellen Kavana, of Oak Park
Mr. Paul R. Klingsporn,
Mrs. Paul R. Klingsporn, from St. Peter's Episcopal Church
Mr. and Mrs. Joseph M. Langr
Miss Carol Larsen
Mrs. Judith Larsen
Miss Margaret Letang
Mrs. Clara Martin
Mr. Aloysius B. Michalak
Miss Blanche R. Milcinsky, of Berwyn, Ill.
Mrs. Bessie Miller
Mrs. George Neil
Dr. and Mrs. A. J. Norman
Miss Miriam Norman
Mr. Royal Norman
Mr. Herbert McClain Owens
Mr. David R. McCoy
Miss June McCoy
Mr. Norman J. Piercy
Miss Anne Quinn
Mrs. G. C. Rogers, of Matteson, Ill.
Mr. and Mrs. Edwin T. Runnfeldt, of Evanston, Ill.
Mrs. Anna Scherb
Mrs. Melvina Schmidt
Miss Eleanor Schmidt
Mr. and Mrs. Claude Seehase
Mr. Thomas Adams Smith
Mrs. C. R. Swanson
Mr. and Mrs. William Ward
Mr. Charles E. Weber
Mr. Walter J. Wegner
Mr. Richard Windsor, of Michigan City, Ind.
Mr. Edward H. Yons

DIRECTORY

THE PEOPLES CHURCH, Lawrence Ave., at Sheridan Rd.

Time of Service 11:00 A.M.

Affiliated with: American Unitarian Association, Boston; Western Unitarian Conference, Chicago

PASTOR

Preston Bradley, LL.D., D.D.

EXECUTIVE OFFICERS

H. B. Hunter, President
2304 Farwell Ave. (45) Amb. 2-0561
Mrs. J. J. Reynolds, Vice President
5550 Kenmore Ave. (40) Longbeach 1-9160
Thos. A. Harrison, Sec'y-Treasurer
941 Lawrence Ave. (40) Longbeach 1-6878
May H. Harrison, Secretary
941 Lawrence Ave. (40) Longbeach 1-6878

BOARD OF TRUSTEES

Gordon L. Davidson — L. E. McCloy
Thos. A. Harrison — John N. Powell
H. B. Hunter — Mrs. J. J. Reynolds
Mrs. A. S. Kredler — William M. Stickney
John F. Langhoff

COMMITTEE—Finance Committee

Mr. Thomas A. Harrison, Chairman
Mr. L. E. McCloy
Mr. John N. Powell

Auditing Committee

Mr. John F. Langhoff, Chairman
Mr. John N. Powell

Church Service Committee

John F. Langhoff, Chairman
All members of the Board assisting

Social Committee

Mrs. J. J. Reynolds, Chr'm.
Mr. Gordon L. Davidson — Mr. Karl H. Lemke
Mrs. A. S. Kredler — Mr. L. E. McCloy
Mr. John Langhoff

Membership Committee

Mr. John N. Powell, Chairman
Mrs. Frank Bryan — Mrs. A. S. Kredler
Mr. Paul Hunter — Mr. L. E. McCloy

Contributions and Pledges Committee

Mrs. May H. Harrison
Mrs. Wm. Emrich
Mrs. H. B. Hunter

Literature Table—Mrs. Frank Bryan

Mrs. Wm. Emrich

Floral Chairman—Mrs. Jacob Tolk

MUSICAL DIRECTORY

Walter Flandorf, Dir. of Music-Organist
1916 N. Lincoln Park West Moh. 4-6231

SCHOOL OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION

Robert Crosswhite, Superintendent
5729 Cornelia Ave. (34) Ave. 3-2955
Mrs. May H. Harrison, Treasurer
941 Lawrence Ave. (40) Lon. 1-0472
Mrs. Robert Crosswhite, Secretary
5729 Cornelia Ave. (34) Ave. 3-2955

CHOIR

Howard A. Wentz, II, President
Allerton Hotel (11)
Mrs. Cecilia Murphy, Sec.
Mrs. Esther Nonnenbruch, Soc. Chrmn.
Jacob Tolk, Librarian

USHER'S CLUB

Roger Miller, President
823 N. Humphrey Ave.,
Oak Park, Ill. Euc. 2123
Paul Hunter, Vice-President
4815 N. Ashland Ave. (40) Edg. 4-6978
Harold Hansen
2218 Carmen Ave. (25) Edg. 4-5998
Karl H. Lemke, Secretary
3536 N. Bosworth Ave. Bit. 8-3764
James Woods, Sergeant-at-Arms
905 Lawrence Ave. (40) Sun. 4-3815

WOMAN'S CLUB

Mrs. Preston Bradley, Honorary President
941 Lawrence Avenue (40) Lon. 1-6878
Mrs. Walter A. Stehle, President Tow. 3533
6957 N. Keating, Lincolnwood, Ill. (30)
Mrs. E. Wilbur, Vice-President
7738 Eastlake Terrace (26) Hol. 5-6706
Mrs. Glen Thomson, Rec. Sec.
2015 Farragut Ave. (25) Rav. 8-7062
Mrs. James Coughlin, Treasurer
5641 Magnolia Ave. (40) Ard. 1-7388
Mrs. Paul Raabe, Corr. Sec.
215 N. Washington St.
Park Ridge, Ill. Pk. Ridge 624-M

Directors

Mrs. H. B. Hunter, Mrs. William Emrich, Mrs. C. M. Anderson, Mrs. Walter Flandorf, Mrs. Jacob Tolk

THE PROFESSIONAL AND BUSINESS WOMAN'S CLUB

Miss Grace Rozanski, President
1434 Thome Avenue (26) Bri. 4-6914
Miss Mary Nordstrom, Vice-President
7737 Hortense St. (31) New. 1-7185
Miss Joanne Plett, Treasurer
917 Lawrence Avenue (40)
Mrs. Anna Rosenhagen, Rec. Sec.
4604 Beacon St. (40) Ard. 1-2889
Miss Elsie L. Sykora, Corr. Sec.
618 Arlington St. (14)

MEN'S CLUB

L. H. Hangel, President
4902 N. Rockwell St. (25) Rav. 8-0462
Harry H. Perry, Vice-President
919 Judson Ave., Evanston Gre. 5-6229
Harold Hansen, Secretary
2218 Carmen Ave. (25) Edg. 4-5998
William Emrich, Treasurer
949 Lawrence Ave. (40) Ard. 1-0983

THE UPTOWN PLAYERS

J. Bradley-Griffin, Director
Studios, 1149 N. LaSalle St. Mic. 2-3105

PRESTON BRADLEY AUXILIARY

Miss Ruth Kruskopf, President
5130 N. Bernard St. (25) Jun. 8-3229
Miss Esther Nordstrom, V.Pres.
7737 W. Hortense St. (31) New. 1-7185
Miss Dollie Kolberg, Sec.-Treas.
4340 N. Wolcott Ave. (13) Gra. 2-4793

GIRL SCOUT TROOP NO. 187

Miss Betty Boaz, Leader
7637 N. Greenview Ave. (26) Rog. 4-5742

INTERMEDIATE GIRL SCOUT TROOP No. 301

Mrs. Della Goering, Leader
912 Leland Ave. (40) Upt. 8-2282

BROWNIE SCOUT TROOP NO. 630

Vera Swanson, Leader
4337 N. Clarendon Ave. (15) Lak. 5-8708

CHANNING CLUB

Neal Hunter, President
4815 N. Ashland Ave. (40) Edg. 4-6978
Charles Strebel, Vice-President
5217 Belle Plaine Ave. (41) Kil. 5-4124
Gloria Zeman, Treasurer
2711 N. Washtenaw (47) Eve. 4-9135
Jeannine Sparks, Rec. Sec.
852 Lakeside Pl. (40) Sun. 4-9888
Rose Marie Lucas, Corr. Sec.
840 Lakeside Pl. (40) Edg. 4-8871
Stephen Kuhn, Sergeant at Arms
1419 Argyle St. (40) Edg. 4-5729

THE LIBERALIST

WE CAN think of no finer gift for a friend, a relative or a neighbor, than one which will remind them of your love every month in the year.

Our Liberalist is such a gift. We are trying to make this a most vital and inspiring church magazine. Every number contains a sermon by Dr. Bradley and special articles of interest and inspiration. All of the activities of the Church are emphasized. Every month there is an interesting department which Dr. Bradley writes, called "Book Chats."

There are also editorials, stories and articles, Book Reviews, and one of the most interesting features is the Radio Mail Bag in which Mrs. Bradley every month gleans from the heavy radio mail inspiring comments to pass on to readers.

If you desire to send this magazine to a friend and will send $2.00 to Mrs. Thomas A. Harrison, Subscription Manager, Peoples Church, 941 Lawrence Avenue, we will send a Card announcing your gift. The magazine is now in its twenty-fifth year of publication, and goes all over the United States and to many foreign lands. Why not send your $2.00 today? It will come regularly every month. No one connected with the publication receives any compensation and all funds above the cost of production go directly to the Treasury of the Peoples Church to help our financial problem. Please subscribe.

Subscription Coupon

The Peoples Church of Chicago,
941 Lawrence Avenue,
Chicago 40, Illinois

Please enter my subscription for THE LIBERALIST for One Year, beginning with the current number.

Enclosed find Check..... for $2.00.
Money Order.....

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... **State**.....

DIRECTORY *(Continued)*

"TOWN HALLERS"

Bruno Figura, Chairman
1505 N. Rockwell St. (22) Hum. 6-5474
Lynn Johnson, Vice-Chairman
1629 North Shore Ave. (26)

Ruth Bloom, Secretary
4829 W. Dakin St. (41)
Virginia Fosdyke, Treasurer
4949 N. Winchester Ave. (40) Ard. 1-0641

ANNOUNCEMENT!

☆ NEW EDITIONS OF DR. BRADLEY'S BOOKS NOW ON SALE EVERYWHERE

"MY DAILY STRENGTH" AND "MEDITATIONS"

These two handy-size volumes contain page after page of the inspiring messages of Dr. Preston Bradley, just as they were spoken from the pulpit of The Peoples Church of Chicago. Here are help and comfort for the sick in body and spirit, courage for the fearful, hope for the hopeless. Through the fog and darkness of the troubled world, these simple, soul-refreshing messages stand like steadfast beacons lighting "the highway to the stars."

MEDITATIONS and MY DAILY STRENGTH have clear, easy-to-read type and a handsome format. Their size is convenient for carrying in one's pocket. They are ideal for presents and remembrances for every gift-giving occasion.

Send your orders to the church office, 941 Lawrence Avenue, Chicago 40, Ill. Price, each $1.00.

• • • • •

Also Available at The Peoples Church
941 Lawrence Avenue
Chicago 40, Illinois

Dr. Bradley's Books

"NEW WEALTH FOR YOU"..... $1.00

Other Books by Dr. Bradley

"Mastering Fear"
"Courage For Today"
"Life and You"
"Power From Right Thinking"

Additional Announcement

Dr. Bradley's Album of Records, "Good Thoughts for Today," containing six short talks..... $5.00

A single record containing "The Lord's Prayer," "The Twenty-Third Psalm," and "Ninety-First Psalm"..... $1.25